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# The kissing queens of the county fair

David Thomas

*College of DuPage*

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# The kissing queens of the county fair

David Thomas

They were the front porch, the Great Plains,  
the kissing queens of the county fair.  
I lay down in fields with them,  
just beyond fairgrounds the whole county knows.  
I held them in my sun brown arms  
and kissed the sweat from their foreheads  
as I pulsed between their thighs.  
The notion that someone in someway failed me  
is shameful; there is no failure laying down  
in the straight rows of yellow wheat,  
a new moon overhead.

## The National Gallery

David Thomas

Sliced back my hair and took this babe to  
Bourbon Street. At all hours. We explored  
the old French and Spanish streets, and drank  
Hurricanes until we were wearing them.  
We told the streetshoe who danced on  
a living room rug set down under a streetlight,  
we told this streetshoe, who asked us  
if we liked his pictures and then said  
they weren't for sale, "no."  
On a third floor balcony we watched the crowd  
exchange places, back and forth. Bootblacks tap  
danced in front of a blues bar as I smothered  
my face in the girl's naked tits. Later: 3 A.M.  
The Napoleon House. Absinthe? The girl said,  
"I don't want to go. I can't benefit by going.  
I can't benefit from sitting. Nobody else  
is going. I've seen so many pictures."  
I drove her across the Mississippi in a rented  
T-Bird to her Navy bungalow in Algiers.  
Her seashell taste was still in my mouth  
when I returned to the hotel. At 30  
I'm able to speak without images or innuendo.  
At 30 I'm able to spend the night  
reading books no one reads anymore.